He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princly Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother hate not me,
I am his brother and I loue him well:
If you be hire for neede goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother *Gloucester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiued your brother *Gloucester* hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues mee and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship.
Bid *Gloucester* thinke on this and hee will weepe,
Am. I milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe,
Cla. O, doe not slaunder him for he is kind.
1. Right as snow in harueft, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis hee that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs
That he would labour my deliuery.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thrauldome: to the ioyes of heauen,
1. make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell mee to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, for murdring me?
Ah sirs consider he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your
1. Relent, tis cowardly, an
Cla. Not to relent, is beast
My friends I spie some pitty
Oh if thy eye be not a flatt
Come thou one my side and
A begging Prince what beg
1. I thus, and thus: if this
Ile chop thee in the malmese
2. *A* bloody deed and de
How faine would I like *Pil*
Of this most grieuous guilt
1. Why doest thou not h
By heauen the Duke shall k
2. I would he knew that
Take thou the fee and tell h
For I repent me that the Du
1. So do not I, goe cow
Now must I hide his body
Vntill the Duke take order
And when I haue my meed
For this will out, and here I
Enter King, Queen
King. So now I haue done
Your Peares continue the
I euery day expect an Emb
From my Redeemer, to red
And now in peace my soule
Since I haue set my friends
Riuers and Hasting, take ea
Disemble not your hatred,
Ri. By heauen my heart
And with my hand I seale
Hast. So thriue I as I saw
King. Take heede you
Least he that is the supream
Confound your hidden fa
Either of you to bee the oth

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